

# Reveille



*Newark High School*  
*Newark, Ohio*

*March*

*1920*

# Be Photographed

AT

THE M.H. *Mueller* Studio  
35 ARCADE  
Newark  
O.

We Photograph Anything, Anywhere  
at Anytime

Phones : { Studio 1521  
Residence 4484

Newark, Ohio

**T**HERE'S Expressive Style  
and Impressive Quality  
in the **YOUNG MEN'S**  
Clothes that await you here.

We Are At Your Service



The Stein-Bloch Co 1915

**HERMANN**  
*STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES*  
**THE CLOTHIER**  
"Where Quality and Service Count"

## YOUNG FOLKS

The furnishing of your home is one of the most important steps in starting married life.

The oldest furniture stand in Newark is at 39 South 3rd Street.

We have five floors with everything that is new and up-to-date in

### **Furniture, Rugs and Stoves**

Why not buy where you can have a large assortment to select from? Try it once and see.

**C. L. GAMBLE**

39 South Third Street

**"Don't Gamble—Buy From Him"**

**For The Best That Money Can Buy**

GO TO

**WM. E. MILLER  
HARDWARE CO.**

**25 S. Park Place**

**NEWARK, OHIO**

**We Solicit Your Patronage**

We are exclusive agents for Amer-  
ica's Finest Bicycle

**The Dayton**

The Dayton is the only bicycle  
in America that is guaranteed  
by the manufacturers for five  
years.

**Everything in Practical  
Auto Supplies**

**Newark Auto Supply Co.,**

TRACEY & BELL


77 E. Main Street

**ADVERTISE**

IN THE

**Reveille**

**IT PAYS**

In after years,  
when "Fate"  
has parted friends, 

## A Photograph

from 

  
Studio of Photography  
Newark, Ohio

THEY SATISFY

HUDSON and CHURCH

PHONE 2077

# CARROLL'S

36 South Tird St.

New stocks of

**Silk Hosiery,  
Gloves, Handkerchiefs  
and Middy Ties are Here  
Best Values in Town**

## JOHN J. CARROLL

*"Say it with Flowers"*

**Halbrooks**  
*The*  
*Florist*

*Say it With Flowers*

Store 12 East Church Street

Newark Wall Paper Co.

Paper Hangings,  
Toys and  
Sporting Goods

Auto Phone 1338

29 W. Main St. - Newark, Ohio

# Reveille

Vol. 11, No. 5

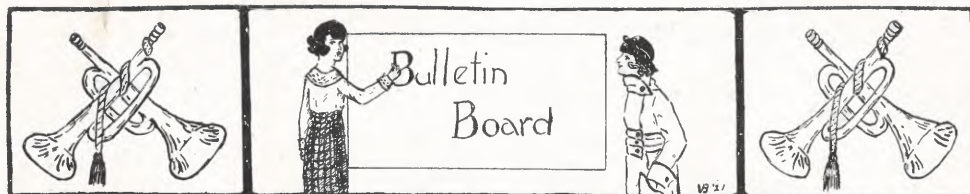
MARCH 1920

Fifty cents a year

Published six times a year by the students of Newark Ohio High School

ELIZABETH EAST, '20, Editor

HUNTER KELLENBERGER, '21	.....	} Associate Editors
RUTH ROGERS, '21	.....	
REUL COCHRAN, '20, Business Manager		
DAVID HIRSCH, '20	.....	} Advertising Managers
CHARLES LANG, '20	.....	
HOWARD WORKMAN, '21, Subscription Manager		
ELEANOR HUBBARD, '21	.....	} Artists
VIRGINIA BROWNE, '21	.....	



GENEVA FRYE, '20, Editor

Anyone interested in entering Harvard College by reason of the Harvard Cup Scholarship or the many other scholarships available may obtain information from Henry S. Fleek.

Newark Hi's two debate teams are counting on getting two scalps on April 9th. While handicapped earlier in the year by sickness, the speakers are making up for lost time by hard work.

A record crowd is expected to accompany the negative team to Zanesville for the debate there.



### THE BOND ISSUE.

On April 27, the people of Newark will be asked to approve a million-dollar school bond issue. This money is to be used to improve and modernize the present school system, and to accomplish this with the minimum of expense and the maximum of efficiency.

Under this plan, the school system of Newark would undergo a great change. At present, a pupil attends the grade or grammar schools for the first eight years and the high school for the last four. Under the proposed system, however, he will spend six years in the grades, the next three in the Junior High School, and the last three in the Senior High School. Both the Junior and Senior High Schools would be conducted on much the same lines as our present High School, that is, there would be departmental teaching. By this is meant that a teacher instructs in only one or two subjects and thus can become a specialist and an expert in one or two particular studies. At present this system is used only in the High School, that is, for the last four years. Under the proposed plan, however, it would be used for both the Junior and Senior High Schools. This would give the seventh and eighth grade pupils the advantages of departmental training—a system which they do not now have.

To carry out this plan, two new buildings will be necessary, a Senior High School and a building of about twenty rooms in East Newark. The present High School would be used for a Junior High School.

The Senior High School will be modern in all respects—modern laboratories, equipment for carrying on vocational work, such as metal working and manual training, and a gymnasium with all the equipment necessary for the physical well-being of the students. It would be built to accommodate twelve or fifteen hundred pupils and would thus care for the needs of the city for some time to come.

One of the greatest advantages would be that a system of co-operation classes could be established. Under this plan, pupils would go to school for one week and then work the next. Then they could return to school for a week. Meanwhile another group would be taking their places; while one group works for a week, the other goes to school. The next week their positions are reversed. Under this system many could attend school who are otherwise forced to work. They can earn enough money in one week, in many cases, to keep them at school the next. This system is used in many of our largest industrial centers and has met with almost universal success. Another feature of the Senior High School building would be an auditorium with a seating capacity of twenty-five or thirty hundred. During the war, the present High School auditorium proved its worth as a community center. Nearly all of the patriotic meetings and rallies were held there. However, Newark has outgrown the present auditorium and consequently it is not so useful to the community. The new one, however, would adequately care for Newark's need for some years to come and would be a sort of public forum where the people of Newark could get together and talk over matters of civic and national welfare.

To perform a similar service for the people of East Newark, an auditorium would be a part of the proposed building there. To encourage athletics, there would be a gymnasium also. A portion of the Junior High School would be accommodated there as the present High School building is not quite large enough to care for all the pupils who would go to the Junior High School. Pupils living in East Newark would, of course, be the ones who would go there. Besides accommodating some Junior High pupils, it would be used as a grade school. Mill street and East Main street schools are dilapidated; one is condemned, the other is about to be. Some place must be provided for these pupils,



and so this new building should be erected.

Now to sum it up briefly, Mr. Barnes' plan consists of three outstanding features:

1. The erection of a modern and fully equipped Senior High School.
2. The conversion of the present High School building into a Junior High School.
3. The erection of a school building in East Newark for the grade schools of that section, and the Junior High pupils.

This means an expenditure of about a million dollars; \$750,000 for the Senior High School, and \$250,000 for the building in East Newark. To obtain this money, bonds will be issued if the public votes its approval.

This expenditure, however large it may seem at first, is made necessary by the growth of Newark. In the last two years, the schools of the city have been greatly overcrowded. This year, the High School is taking care of two hundred more pupils than the number of rooms permits. If this keeps up, Newark will soon lose its standing as possessing a first-rate High School. In the grades, conditions are just as bad. Every room in the city, except two, is used, and many are overcrowded. With new factories coming to this city and those already here expanding, the school system can't adequately meet the demands made upon it, unless it is thoroughly modernized and enlarged. This can be done effectively under Mr. Barnes' plan. The question, however, is not one of expediency, but one of necessity. Something must be done. The schools are overcrowded and, nevertheless, new pupils are being enrolled almost every day. If Newark is to increase its population, it must have an adequate and efficient school system. People will not come here to live if their children are unable to obtain good educational facilities. The best way this can be done is by adopting the proposed plan and voting for the bond issue.

But in the last analysis, the question resolves itself the issue: Is Newark going to properly serve its next generation? It has been often said that a country's greatest strength or weakness lies in its younger generation. The same is true of a city. If Newark wishes its next generation to be strong, intelligent, level-headed, clear-thinking men and women, it must give its approval to the school bond issue on April 27th.

There has probably been no death that has so touched the community lately as that of Mr. Frank L. Johnson, a man especially near to the High School boys on

account of his former connection with the Y. M. C. A. The general consensus of opinion is that Mr. Johnson was very much of a man. The tragic circumstances of his death are known to all. After his war work was finished, he came back home but, unwilling to lead a life of ease, he wished to further enlarge his scope of usefulness. Therefore, he went on this mission, one of the most hazardous, which took him into territory where no Christian was safe. He had twice started on this last journey but each time was compelled to return. However, he was determined to aid the Christians in the interior who were cut off from communication with the outside world. In this third attempt, he was mistaken for a French officer and cruelly slain. This attitude was noticeable throughout his life. He never turned back because of danger. He was decorated for bravery under fire in the world war which has so recently terminated. He has left behind the memory of his life, a life that will not be forgotten, a life that was spent for the good of others, a life of which it can be truly said,

*"—was gentle, and the elements*

*So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up*

*And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"*

#### DEBATE ! ! ! !

Our debate is going to be the biggest event in this school year. Our teams are working as never before and we confidently expect two banners this year. Many people, however, have the mistaken idea that the victory depends entirely upon the team. It does not. Moreover, it never did, and it never will. The most important factor is the school spirit displayed on the evening of the contest. Our rivals will encourage their team with songs and yells. We have some new songs and yells, some of which are published in this issue. Read them, practice them, and come out to our debate this year ready to help voice our pride and confidence in our team. Nothing is more discouraging than an inattentive or an indifferent audience, so do your share this year in helping N. H. S. win two victories.

#### PRIZES.

In the last issue of the Reveille there appeared a news article on the various prizes which are being offered this year. Now, should prizes be offered in this high school?

First, taking the plan of offering prizes, we find that prizes are a great incentive

to pupils to keep up the standard of their work. Although only one person can get the prize, yet, while a large number are striving for it, the standard of the class is much higher than if everyone just got his lesson because he had to. Then, too, it is a great honor to get a prize. It is a cause of just pride for anyone to boast of having received any kind of prize. The prize itself is always worth a great deal, as the Roosevelt prizes, Harvard cup, and the Hartzler cup; besides the honor of being the one most eligible to receive it.

Of course, the matter of prizes might be overworked, that is, the best pupils might overwork their strength, and these prizes could make such a feeling of jealousy among the pupils that the school spirit would be destroyed. But, this is a rather improbable thing, and Newark High would not succumb to these disasters. We have noticed very few high school students whose health seems to be endangered from over-studying, or any very great jealousy exhibited over existing prizes.

The student body is very grateful to the donor of these prizes. Although his name has never been published, a great many people know who he is and know that he is greatly interested in the school and wants the standard of the school kept up as it has always been in the past.

We know of no better way for a citizen to show his patriotism than by encouraging patriotism and scholarship in our schools. The students therefore, greatly appreciate the interest shown by this public-spirited citizen of Newark.

Some of these towns that brag so loud about their rapidly increasing population figures, don't say a word about the number who can't read and write.—Newark Advocate.

In order that the latter may be reduced to the minimum, we urge you to do all in your power to support the bond issue for better school facilities in our city.

There is one thing that won't please the woman voter. After her ballot goes into the box she can't recall it for the purpose of making changes—Toledo Blade.

We don't know about that either. Among the various men of our acquaintance we do not recall at the present moment any who do not change their minds quite frequently. Incidentally, when the women of this country are finally allowed to vote, they will have made their final decision before going to the polls to cast their ballots and will not wait until the last minute, only to be influenced by some politician, like a large per cent. of the men of this country.

We read an interesting little article the other day to the effect that most animals have hair, though in the whale this consists of only a few bristles on the lips. Some of the male element of Newark Hi, on account of their artistic hair cuts, are in the same class as poor Mr. Whale.

According to the kid element, why worry about the teacher shortage, when the problem is so quickly settled by closing the schools?—Newark Advocate.

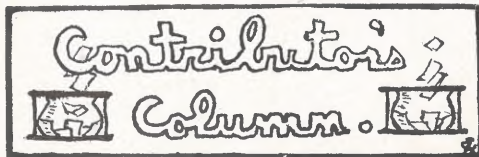
Um, hum, that's all right, but why don't they close 'em ???

A friend of ours remarked the other day that he only hoped he would live through the summer if the styles for women, as prophecied in the newspapers, will actually be worn.

Famous affinities: Flu and pneu.—Columbus Dispatch.

It is not reported that the people are standing in line at the public library to get that 3000-page book that records the senate speeches on the League of Nations.—Newark Advocate.

Nor the Congressional Record.



EDNA GRIFFITH, '20, Editor

Tune:—My Baby's Arms.

Oh, Newark High,  
We'll win or die,  
Our teams are full of pep,  
And will maintain our rep, and win two  
victories for

Old Newark High.

And they will try  
To beat Mt. Vernon tonight;  
They'll surely win in the fight.  
And win two banners for Newark High.

Tune:—Sahara.

Newark High School,  
The time is drawing near,  
Newark High School,  
Debate is almost here,  
We know what makes Mt. Vernon sad  
And why Zanesville is blue,  
They've got to lose their banners,  
So, Newark High, it's up to you;  
The red and white,  
Now and ever, always in the right,  
Winning laurels and taking them away.  
For ever since debates began  
Newark High School has been in the lead.  
You never camouflage,  
For B2 is a part of your creed;  
Newark High School,  
Oh, Newark High School,  
We are surely proud of you.

Tune:—High Brown Babies' Ball.

The triangular debate,  
Not a soul will be there late,  
Newark High's team with a lot of pep,  
Will make Mt. Vernon lose her rep,  
We've the finest teams of all,  
Zanesville's pride will have to fall,  
We'll float the colors, red and white,  
Newark will be in the lime-light,  
And our cheers will fill the hall,  
For we've got some teams, that's all.  
—G. F., '20.

“OH! BOYS!”

Tune: “Oh! How I Hate To Get Up In  
the Morning!”  
(Popular Song.)

Chorus:

Oh! Boys, we've got to win it!  
Oh! Boys, we've gotta get the foe,  
For the death-blow to them all  
Is to hear the chairman call—  
Newark has won! Newark has won!  
Newark has won the decision!  
Someday we're going to murder Mt. Vernon,  
Someday you're going to find her dead;  
We'll amputate her honored name  
And raise Newark Hi to fame!  
And spend the rest of our days in peace.  
M. K. B., '21.

“WE'VE GOTTA WIN!”

Tune: “The Alcoholic Blues.”  
(Popular Song.)

Chorus:

We've gotta win!  
We've gotta win the awful fight.  
Do not snooze, or we will lose.  
Hello, Mt. Vernon! Hello, old friend!

Oh, tell us when you're coming back again.  
Win! We've gotta win,  
Since they've desecrated our name.  
“Burkey!” “Burkey!” you are great!  
“Burkey,” tell them of their fate!  
Oh, we've gotta win the awful fight!  
M. K. B., '21.

“I'M FOREVER PRAISING  
NEWARK HI!”

Tune: “I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.”  
(Popular Song.)

We have the team,  
They have the steam;  
We'll win a victory.  
Here's to our coach—  
Wise Mr. Kuehn,  
He is a real “high” man;  
And as our team is working,  
Our duty we'll not be shirking.

Chorus:

I'm forever praising Newark Hi,  
Praising with all my might;  
Give us the floor—a victory we'll score  
In the fight for honor's right.  
Debaters always ready,  
We will fight the foe.  
I'm forever praising Newark Hi,  
Come on, boys, don't be slow!

THE FIGHT!

To tune of “Long, Long, Trail.”

Listen and I will tell you now,  
What we're going to do;  
When we are lined up for debate,  
Just to prove we're true  
We're bringing every yell and song,  
To our memory.  
Just to knock 'em down and drag 'em out,  
Bringing victory back, you see.

(Chorus)

There's a big, long, fight awaiting,  
For the skill of our own teams,  
While the Crimson White is waving  
All alone it seems.  
At the end of that big, long, fight,  
Then every dream will come true,  
For we'll leave every foe far behind  
Oh! Yes, that is what we'll do!

—By D. L. R., '22.

BY THE LICKING RIVER.

To the tune of “Old Folks at Home,”  
(Page 3)

'Way down upon the Licking River,  
Sure we all know,  
There's where our hearts are turning ever,  
There's where the winners grow.

As up and down the streets we're marching  
 Just like a dream,  
 Still singing for our dear N. H. S.  
 And for our winning team.

(Chorus)

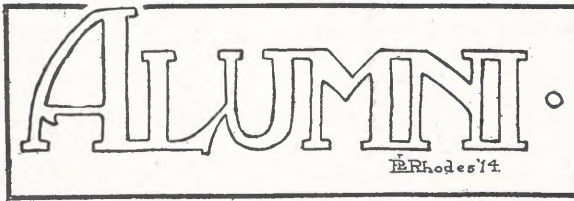
N. H. S. we are calling you,  
 And the Crimson White!  
 When the fight is over, N. H. S.,  
 Then we'll know who is right.  
 —By D. L. R., '22.

### VICTORY SONG.

To the tune of "My Bonnie."  
 (Page 51.)

Our team is as strong as the ocean,  
 With knowledge as deep as the sea,  
 Our team is full of pep and motion,  
 Oh! That's the team for you and me.  
 (Chorus)

Sing it! Yell it!  
 V-i-c-t-o-r-y! No Less!  
 Sing it! Yell it!  
 V-i-c-t-o-r-y! Yes! —By D. L. R., '22.



ELEN BARNES, '22, Editor

#### WHAT DOES NEWARK NEED?

This question is undoubtedly one that is paramount in the minds of Newark and its answering will, of course, compose the primary fundamentals of the city's growth and expansion. We have considered the city's expansion by securing new factories, instituting modern methods for public safety, and beautifying our streets; but we have neglected one thing, that is, the urgent need of a new high school building. I do not mean that the present structure is not modern, but I do lay emphasis on the fact that the present building is not large enough to accommodate and efficiently handle the students, and there must be a realization of this fact on the part of Newark's citizens ere we reach a critical stage in our educational development.

Only three years has elapsed since I was a student in Newark High School, and even then the provision for all the students must have been a task for the school authorities and faculty.

I recall then that it was necessary to have some of the students study in rooms where recitations were being held, owing to the crowded condition of the study halls. and that many times our auditorium stage and seating capacity were insufficient for the public and school needs. We were without a room for our High School paper work, and at all times our laboratories were crowded to over capacity of space and equipment.

I think it is unnecessary to recall any

more of the past needs. for all know that the needs of the past and present are practically similar; but let us consider briefly the High School "Gym."

The matter of a gymnasium never progressed farther than mere gossip and it was a need, though secondary, in our educational system and our athletic standing. Practically all of the athletic equipment came through the students' own volition, for although we boast of the best athletic field in the state, it was acquired through the work of the High School students. Our basketball teams were always handicapped by lack of a proper place to practice, as was the physical training of every student.

It was my opportunity a few days ago to make a trip through the principal cities in the northern part of our state, and I took advantage of this by visiting all the high schools possible. I found crowded conditions existing in some, but what I noticed most was the practical training offered in the best schools. If we wish to raise the percentage of attendance in our own High School, we must offer more practical training. Not only should we do this in our Commercial Department, but we should provide machine shops, better manual training, and other practical equipment, in order that the students may be ready to enter their vocation upon graduation.

We are justly proud of Newark's educational system and standing and, I am sure, the Alumni of dear N. H. S. carry their pride of school close to their hearts, and all

possess a feeling of loyalty and praise that never wanes, though time has severed our connection.

Let us keep this loyalty paramount, Alumni and student body, and use our influence and help to secure a building that will be ample and be just to Newark's educational system.

FRANK TAAFEL, '17

When taking up the discussion of any proposed improvement it is only logical that we should consider it from the points of view of those vitally concerned. Naturally the question arises who are these parties. One is the City of Newark, and the other the citizens thereof.

Do we wish the City of Newark to advance as a manufacturing center? Most assuredly we do. Necessarily if new factories come to the city, new persons and families will follow. The question is where are these children to be schooled? As we know, the present schools are more than over-crowded. The only logical place, then, is a New High School. As the present High School will be converted into a Junior High School, we will thereby create vacancies in the grade school for the new children.

The next question is: Will the citizens of Newark be benefited by a new High School?

The answer is obviously yes. By the building of a new school, the prosperity of the city must necessarily advance. Then comes the political phase. We are all agreed, that, for the continuation of the prosperity of Newark, we must have good and efficient citizens. The question is, How are we to obtain them? Presumably, by the erection of a new High School. In the proposed High School everything that contributes to a better citizenship will be taught. The physical as well as the mental

development of the children will be looked after. With both of these necessary and vital accomplishments there can be but one result, and that is a better and greater citizenship.

Newark has shown herself capable of great accomplishments during the recent war. Now let us go at this in the same manner, with like vigor and determination, for good citizens are absolutely essential to a country in time of war as well as peace.

GLENNWAY KREIDER, '19.

Paul Torry, '15, graduate of Newark Hi, who is attending Wooster College, was a point winner in the annual inter-class track meet. He won the two-mile race in one of the closest races of the meet.

John Bebout, '18, is the captain of Ohio State debating team this year. He captained the Newark High School debating team for two years and was a member of the champion sophomore team of Ohio State last year. He is a member of Delta Theta Pi fraternity, the Forum and the Political Science Club, at the University.

The marriage of Miss Edith Gladys Taughlin to Mr. William George Stoneman was solemnized on Tuesday, March 9. Miss Taughlin graduated from Newark High School in the class of 1912, and is an alumna of Ohio State University.

Announcement of the engagement of Miss Sherwood to Mr. Woolson Davis, a 1918 graduate of Newark High School, was made informally at a sorority meeting of the Kappa-Kappa Gammus, of which the bride-elect is a pledge.—Ohio State Journal.

Miss Beatrice Stephenson, a 1916 graduate of Newark High School, died at her home on Buckingham street, Tuesday, February 10th.

## WOMEN SEEK DEGREES

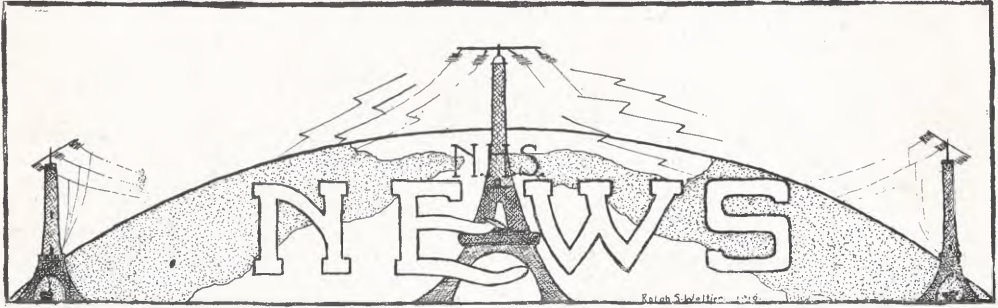
### British Subjects Find That University Graduates Are in Demand.

London, March 1.—The young women of this country who desire to enter the well-paid professions have suddenly come to the decision that there is cash value in a university degree. As a result the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge are being bombarded with applications for admission. Somerville and Lady Margaret's at Oxford and Newnham and Girton, at Cambridge cannot begin to accommodate all those who wish admission, it is stated.

This growing popularity of the woman's

college is said to be due largely to the number of excellent positions which have recently been obtained by university women. Despite previous prejudices, employers have discovered that a modern university education is a business asset. One commercial man recently stated publicly:

"The Oxford woman writes a good, clear letter and has more common sense than a score of ordinary clerks. And what is more in these days, she is not afraid of work."—New York Times.



GWENDOLYN DAVIES, '20, Editor

RALPH ALLEN, '22 {  
JOHN UPHAM, '22 {

Associate Editors

1,000,000 WAR TITLES

#### IN PRINCETON LIBRARY

Gifts of Benjamin Strong and Judge J. O. H. Pitney Formed Nucleus of Collection.

(Special to *The New York Times*.)

Princeton, N. J., March 6.—With two large gift collections as a nucleus, Princeton's war library is today assuming tremendous proportions. Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank, of New York, and Judge J. O. H. Pitney, of Newark, N. J., share the honor of giving the greatest impetus to Princeton's collection. When the largest collection elsewhere did not exceed 15,000 volumes, there were already more than 50,000 war volumes in the library here.

It is estimated by Dr. Ernest G. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton University, that the war bibliography now contains a list of more than 70,000 titles. Included in this are many German titles, obtained through the courtesy of the State Department. These figures refer only to books. The entire amount of data, including periodical articles, posters, cartoons, photographs, etc., is estimated at more than 1,000,000 titles.

The war library is now being developed in two special branches along the lines of the "joint list" plan of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Under this plan each university will have complete access to the others' collections. Collection will thus be facilitated and duplication will be avoided. The two aspects which are being developed here more thoroughly than any others are those dealing with the international law and the economic phases of the war.

Mr. Strong's collection was started at the beginning of the war, and includes more than 170 volumes, probably the most complete collection of contemporary writ-

ings gathered by any one person in the United States.

The basis for the title cataloguing has been found in price sales catalogues and in the catalogues of the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the British Museum, the Lyons Library and the Le-Blanc Library. The photostat method has been employed very largely in the arranging of the titles.—*New York Times*.

On Friday morning, March 12th, Rev. Calvin E. Hazlett, of the First Presbyterian Church, spoke in chapel. The subject of Rev. Haylett's talk was "The Development of the Will." The talk was no doubt appreciated by all.

The speech of Chaplain Knowles, of the United States Army, was greatly appreciated by all the students of N. H. S. Chaplain Knowles spoke in interest of recruiting into the army.

It was not the idea of Chaplain Knowles to get recruits out of the High School, but to have the students encourage those who are out of school and want to complete their education, to join the army.

Chaplain Knowles is connected with the United States Seventh Cavalry, which has been assigned to Ohio.

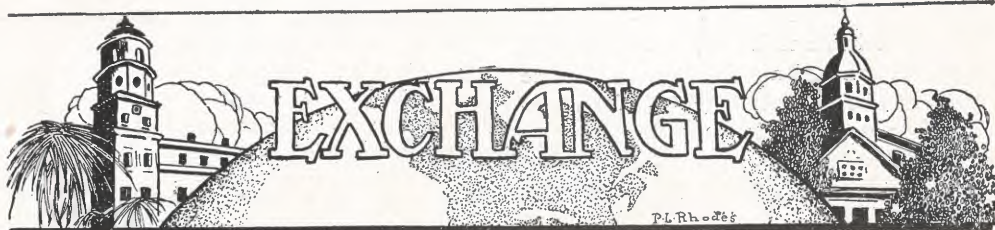
The Dramatic Club has started its work and is progressing nicely. The club has been greatly handicapped by not having a critic. It is hoped by the members, however, that something will be accomplished before the end of the year.

#### At Any Campus Restaurant.

Stude: "Is this noodle soup? Where are the noodles?"

Waiter: "Did you ever see a cottage in a cottage pudding?"

—Judge.



FRANCES CARLISLE, '20, Editor

### TYPES OF OLD FLAGS.

Under the auspices of the American Legion, thirteen flags, duplicates of the standards borne by the Cabots, the Mayflower Pilgrims, and soldiers of the Colonial wars and the Revolution, which show the development of the Stars and Stripes, are on exhibition in the concourse of the Grand Central Terminal.

The oldest is the flag of Scotland, a white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field, carried by the Scotch crusaders in 1095. The flag of England prior to the union in 1707 is the second exhibit and consists of the cross of St. George in red on a white field. This was brought to America by John Cabot, in 1497 and the Jamestown settlers in 1607. The ensign flown by the Mayflower in 1620 was the "King's colors," "Jacques Union," or "Union Jack," as it is known today. This consists of a union of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew on a blue field.

Two Colonial flags are shown. The first, a red ensign with the cross of St. George on a white field in the canton next the staff, was the English Colonial standard in use between 1628 and 1707, and in America was borne by troops in King William's war. Then came the British Colonial flag, a red ensign with the Union Jack in the canton, carried by American Colonial troops during the French and Indian wars.

The flag used during the Revolution up to 1777 was known variously as the "Cambridge," "Continental" and "Paul Jones" flag. It still retained the Union Jack in the canton but the remainder of the banner consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes. These alternate stripes were continued in the Betsy Ross flag, but in place of the Union Jack a canton with thirteen white stars on a blue field was adopted.

In 1795 another flag was adopted, which consisted of fifteen alternate stripes and fifteen stars. This continued until 1818, and was the "Star Spangled Banner" of Francis Scott Key. Later it was decided to return

to the thirteen alternate stripes in the ensign and add one star in the canton for each state admitted to the Union. Four other exhibits at Grand Central Terminal show the development from this date.—New York Times.

### PROFESSOR NICOLAI

#### READY TO COME HERE

#### Scientist Declares He Cannot Live in Germany Because of Junker Intolerance.

(Copyright, 1920, by The New York Times Company. Special Cable to the New York Times.)

Geneva, March 6.—Professor Nicolai, an eminent German specialist, and author of "Biology of War," delivered a lecture in the Geneva University today, receiving an enthusiastic welcome.

In an interview the Professor stated that reaction in Germany was increasing and the Junkers and militarists were regaining the upper hand. Although he was reinstated in the Chair of Physiology in Berlin University, Junker students, many of whom were officers in the army, refused him a hearing and his position as professor became impossible.

Asked whether he would accept an invitation to take a professorial position in an American university or college, Professor Nicolai replied:

"Yes, because I cannot continue living in Germany. Intolerance is too great."

The Professor added that the present German Government is not strong enough to keep the reactionary movement in check; not that the Junkers desire to take office, but that they are fully determined to keep virtual power in their own hands, and this they can best do by declining the responsibilities of office.—New York Times.

We doubt if America is ready for any German professors. For our part we believe he would be a liability and not an asset to any American university.

### BOOSTING A TOWN.

A million-dollar civic fund is being sought at Middletown and a campaign to raise the money will be started March 14. The purpose is to use the funds for the development of the city. A city hospital addition is to be built and equipped, the Girls' Club enlarged, quarters for the Y. M. C. A. provided, pay of school teachers increased, parks secured and improved, the public library enlarged and a community house erected to be used as a community center for the aroused spirit of the city. In the community house would be the headquarters of the Red Cross, American Legion, Boy Scouts, and the local Chamber of Commerce. It is an ambitious plan, Middletown is an industrial city. It has prospered greatly during recent years. Now it purposes to establish itself for greater service for its people and it ought to succeed in the work.—Ohio State Journal.

If a town of about fifteen thousand can undertake a proposition such as this, surely Newark ought—with ease, put across the million dollar bond issue for schools.

### CURIOSITY.

When the workmen own the workshops,  
And the railroad men the rails,  
And the grocery clerks the groceries,  
And the mail clerks own the mails—  
When the preachers own the pulpits;  
And the pressmen own the shops,  
And the drillers own the oil wells;  
And the jails are owned by cops—  
When conductors own the street cars,  
And each driver owns his bus;  
Will you tell us common people—  
Whatinell becomes of us?

—Exchange.

### CONTRIBUTE.

Have you anything funny?  
Any jokes at all,  
Just take them to Fifteen  
And give them to Paul.

Can you write editorials?  
A letter at least,  
You know whom to give them to,  
They go to Betty East.

Have you any announcements?  
Something to catch their eye,  
Run up to room Fifteen  
And see Geneva Frye.

Then, there's the Contributors' column,  
Whether its fact, legend, or myth;  
If you have, bring it around  
To Miss Edna Griffith.

Can you write short stories?  
About the snow or thaw,  
Place it in an envelope  
Address't to Miss Rosebraugh.

Or anything else—  
Please do not wait.  
Hunt 'round 'till you've found  
Professor J. A. Tait.

—R. J., N. H. S., '21.

### SEND IN THE NEWS.

If you have a bit of news,  
Send it in.

Or a joke that will amuse,  
Send it in—

A story that is true,  
An incident that's new,  
We want to hear from you!  
Send it in.

Never mind about your style,  
Send it in.

If it's only worth your while,  
Send it in.

Of some class work you have done,  
Of an application won,  
Or some good your class has done,  
Send it in.

Will your story make us laugh?  
Send it in.

Send along a photograph,  
Send it in.

If some good your words can teach,  
If some lapsing classmate reach,  
Send along a comic speech,  
Send it in.

—Selected.

### Spared No Expense.

"I suppose they entertained you royally."  
"They certainly did; they even had eggs  
for breakfast."

—Judge.

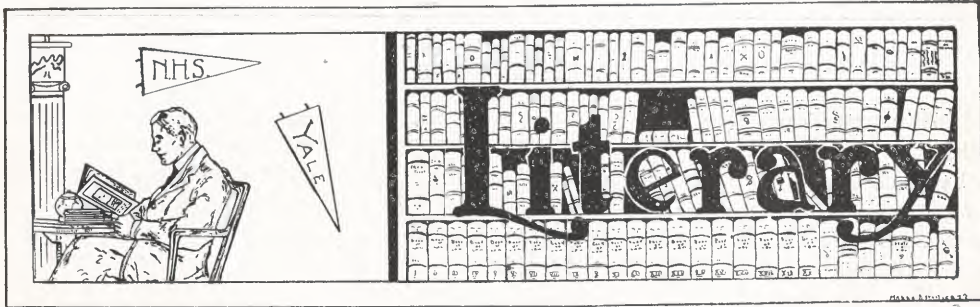
### By Degrees.

Hubby: "My dear, isn't that dress a trifle  
extreme?"

Wife: "This dress, darling? Why, I  
put this on merely that you may become  
accustomed to the one I am having made."

—Judge.





NARY ROSEBRAUGH, '20, Editor

HELEN RANNEY, '22..... Associate Editor  
MURIEL WHIME, 20..... Poetry Editor

### DON ALVA.

Over the dusty prairies from Johnson Hill might be seen a cloud of dust floating above the rocks. If a citizen of the little village of Maximilian, Texas, in the days of the "wild and woolly West" saw this cloud of dust, he would tell that it was Don Alva and his bandits riding away from the scenes of their pillage.

On a quiet, hot, summer day in Maximilian, a boy walked with a bucket of water. His thoughts were far away from the bandits. The deamy look in his eyes told that. His dark, sun-burned face might label him as a Mexican, but his frank, open countenance abolished this suspicion. He was an American who had lived in Texas all his life. He lived with his mother in a little mud house and they had a very happy time in spite of the Mexicans.

Away from this happy boy, the cloud of dust moved onward toward Maximilian. And ahead of the dust galloped fifty or more Mexicans, armed to the teeth, and, at their head, rode the feared Don Alva. His cunning, ugly face showed that this fear was not unfounded.

Then, as a volley of shots, they rode into Maximilian. Chickens squawked, pigs grunted and people ran into their houses hunting shelter. Halting at the middle of the town Don Alva turned to his companions:

"So this is the town that gave the warning to those farthur up," he said in Spanish. "Oh, well, they've given their last warning.

Pausing a moment to look over his band, he added: "Well, boys, hunt up the men, we'll shoot them. And the women and children—we can't shoot them. We'll lock them in the church and later send a child

### THAT WILD NIGHT.

This afternoon as I sit in my large, roomy, morris chair, with a pillow at my head, and a stool beneath my feet, I think, "What fools we mortals be," for I am one. I think I shall tell you all about it.

Last night while I was walking on a down-town street, I hailed a bus. It was nearly empty, so I had a fine chance to see everyone in it. I sat down behind two rather well dressed men. As the night was cold and dismal, with a suspicion of snow in the air, I had wrapped a long heavy muffler about my throat and ears, so, with my coat collar turned up, I was well bundled. As I uncovered my ears, that I might hear the conductor call the streets, I heard the smaller man say, "I wish you hadn't killed Nellie and Tom both, 'Lefty.'" The larger man replied, "I hated to, but I just had to do it." I pricked up my ears at this; a thought flashed into my mind; there had been a terrible murder the week before. A man and woman had been brutally murdered; the murderer had escaped and there was now a price on his head. "Ah," I thought, "the reward might come in handy, I'll just follow him."

The larger one, referred to as a murderer, left the bus. I followed, getting off at the next corner. I'll admit I was rather shaky. Imagine yourself in my boots, following a desperate criminal with a price on his head. I walked stealthily, as I had often heard of real sleuths doing. The murderer walked several blocks until he came to a house of considerable size. He opened the door with a latch-key and entered. I planned to follow him to the door, ring the bell, hit him with my bamboo cane, call the police, and collect the reward. I would undoubtedly have my pic-

(Continued on page 32)

(Continued on page 32)

## THE ADVENTURE OF MR. H.

(Continued from last issue)

I lost no time in grabbing the packet and hiding it. Although my senses had received a bad jolt in the crash, I still retained enough presence of mind to reason that there would be a thorough search instituted as soon as the loss became known to headquarters. This necessitated my hiding the papers for the present, and returning for them in the future. My life was, most assuredly, "just one darned thing after another." Oh, how I wished for the termination of this assignment. I vowed many times over that I would never attempt another such task as was this. I lost no time in trying to find a suitable hiding place. There was but one even worth consideration. This was in the bed of a creek which was running nearby. Of course it would be impossible to deposit the case in the creek proper, as the water would have quickly obliterated all traces of writing unless it were written in India ink, of which thing I was entirely uncertain. Accordingly, I hastened to securely hide the papers before the authorities should return, so I dug a deep hole in the gravel bed and thrust the papers inside. They were far enough back from the water so there was no danger of their getting wet, while, as they were really not in the creek and not yet on the bank, there was little danger of their being found in the search that would naturally result when the loss became known. After completing this task, I looked for landmarks by which I would be able to again recognize the place. I noticed a large oak tree about fifty feet from the railroad bridge. Here was one means of identifying my cache. On the other side there was a farmhouse which was exactly at right angles from the oak. The package was buried exactly thirty paces east of the tree, in a straight line from the oak, using the house as the centre. I lost no time in returning to my original position, in which the nurses and doctors would naturally expect to find me. I was just in time, for I had no sooner returned, than they were again on the scene. I feigned returning consciousness and walked off unmolested. However, when I reached the town all was different. Here I found that all strangers were compelled to identify themselves. I thought I was safe, but when I put my hand in my pocket to produce my credentials they were gone. That was all there was to it. I asked permission to return to the scene of the accident to look

for them, and was granted leave to do so, having a policeman accompany me. However, all efforts were unavailing, and I had to return and confess that until they had communicated with the Wilhelmstrasse, my identity would have to remain unconfirmed. Upon hearing this, the officials informed me that war measures required I be confined until I had proved who I was. I therefore began a term that I hoped would be short, but alas, my hopes were never fulfilled in the way I wished them. I was afraid that, being a "deserter" would not stand me in very good stead when I faced the inevitable questioning I knew was coming. For this reason I desired a release as soon as possible, for I imagined the country would be a trifle too "hot" for me if I failed to escape to my friends before the inquisition began.

The reply from headquarters arrived the next evening and was far from favorable. It stated that as I was the only one who had failed to give an accounting, and as I had lately been one of the enemy, and in view of the paper's disappearance, I was to be held in custody until further notice, as it was deemed inadvisable to leave me at large so near to the Allied lines, when there was the possibility of my being a spy. My hopes sank to great depths as this message was read to me, but I kept up a good exterior even if my courage weakened. However, orders were orders, and no one even thought of disobeying the highest secret service organization in the country, especially when the orders came from the head office, so I began an indefinite term until the authorities came for me, *unless I could devise some means of escape*. I was very hopeful of this, but one could never be sure in such uncertain times as these. But, as I was held a prisoner, I accordingly had plenty of spare time in which to devise methods of escape. Once again I thanked the girl for being so near to the Allied lines.

For a few days I was unable to decide upon any plan that seemed likely to succeed. I racked my brain in vain, for I would no sooner seem to have found a plausible one than I would almost immediately find some flaw that would eventually present itself to my enemies, and the question would be whether I could get out of reach by the time the solution was discovered. As I simply must not fail the first time, it was absolutely necessary I should have a plan which would be successful; for if I escaped and then failed to reach the lines,

## ASSET or LIABILITY--Which?

Your suit is one or the other. It should give you a feeling of being correctly dressed—a feeling of being right.

That kind of suit is worth more than the mark on the price ticket. And unless it comes up to that requirement it costs too much at any figure.

### *Fitform Clothes* *For Young Men*

are an asset. They fit right, to begin with they are cut in the smartest styles you will find anywhere. And to preserve both fit and style they are made with uncommon skill and attention to detail. It's fine tailoring in addition to designing skill that makes *Fitform the best you can buy*. Let us show them to you.

## The Quality Clothes Shop

5 South Park Place, Newark, Ohio

DAVID M. THOMPSON

MANDEL BRASHEAR

**NEWARK-FASHION**  
4 North Side Square, Newark, Ohio

# Bastian Brothers Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

**Class Pins      Class Rings**  
**Athletic Medals**

**Commencement Announcements**  
**Invitations and Calling Cards**

250 Bastian Building

Rochester, N. Y.

my identity would certainly be discovered. This I could not permit, for it was always foremost in my mind that a certain man in Washington was anxiously awaiting my safe and successful return. I finally decided upon a plan which seemed to promise a reasonable amount of safety and could be immediately put into action. As action was especially desirable at the earliest moment, for there was grave danger that the German agents would arrive on any train, I was partial to the plan in the very beginning. It was this. I was permitted to walk in the prison yard every evening. I had noticed there was a man who came to cart away the refuse of the day just about the time of my stroll. As the authorities deemed it safe for me to walk without a warden, I was never under close surveillance, so what was to prevent me from hiding in one of the barrels that were carted away every night? If I had fifteen minutes start I prided myself that I would effectually hide myself from any pursuers that might be sent after me. Then, if Dame Fortune favored me and I were lucky enough to knock over a Prussian soldier, I would be able to carry out my original plan, that of stealing across No Man's Land in the dark. The only thing wrong with the plan was that someone might desire to see me either while I was hiding myself or while I was being carted away. However, as the chances of this were small, I decided to put my plan into execution that very night. Accordingly, I carefully laid my plans for the attempt. I knew there would be no train on which the authorities might arrive from Berlin before I attempted my escape. I had a certain sense of ease, for I knew no steps towards my identification would be taken until they arrived to personally conduct the inquiry. Therefore, I was fairly safe, and only the unexpected could interrupt my plans.

That night, at the usual hour, I was released from my cell in order that I might have my evening exercise. I was no sooner left to myself than I lost no time in hiding myself in one of the rubbish barrels that I was certain was going to be taken away that night. In some manner, I succeeded in getting well-covered with rubbish, and then there was nothing to do but hope for the best. My, how even the seconds dragged! It seemed an interminable age before the junk man finally arrived and began to carry away the barrels to his cart. My turn eventually came, and the barrel in which I was hiding was carried out like the others and safely tied on; then the cart began its journey. It finally reached the dump, which was a good dis-

tance from the town. In view of its location, the danger of being seen and recognized was greatly lessened. I had previously discovered that the barrels were not brought back the same night on which they were removed. This meant there would be no fighting to do at the beginning, for I could steal away unobserved, after having allowed the truck man obtain a good start back to the town. After my barrel was once more deposited on terra firma I permitted at least ten minutes to elapse from the time I last heard the creak of the cart wheels to the time when I mustered enough courage to take a hasty, stealthy look into my surroundings. When I did so, I saw no human in sight, though there were several stray dogs searching for scraps which are so often found in places of like description. Upon thus being assured, I ventured forth in the general direction of the creek, near which the papers were deposited. I reached it in safety, just as the last light of the spent day slowly faded. The dusk was settling, when, upon looking backwards, I saw several men approaching, who bore ear-marks of being a posse. However, I had obtained the papers, and as the country was level and unbroken, I could see them when there was ample distance intervening to insure my safety if only there was no other posse coming from the other direction.

By this time it was rapidly growing dark, there being no moon or stars. On account of this, I knew my pursuers would be hindered in their movements, and therefore, I had much better chances of escaping. I set off at a good pace down the railroad tracks, hoping to find a freight train that was ready to start in the direction in which I was going. I knew there many sidings on this line, as there was but a single track. Dame Fortune favored me, and I had the good luck to see a train just starting, and in reaching the last car just as it was beginning to gather speed. I had managed to board it none too soon, for my pursuers had rapidly gained on me and the distance had become so short they were almost within pistol range. I crawled under one of the cars on the braces and rode several miles, just enough to remove me from immediate pursuit. I well knew there would be authorities coming from the town I had just left, also from the town that lay ahead, so for this reason it behooved me to put as many miles as possible between me and the railroad track. As soon as I left the train I struck out for the German lines, hoping to obtain a uniform and then steal across No Man's Land. I traveled all night, but when dawn arose,

I could barely hear the distant boom of the cannon. Clearly, I had underestimated the distance from the town to the front. There was but one thing to do, try and reach the trenches before the news that I was wanted. Naturally, vigilance would be more lax at the present than it would after it was well known there was an Allied spy trying to break through.

Late that afternoon, after having rested under a haystack, I reached a point fairly near the lines, and lay in wait for a soldier to happen by so I could persuade him to change clothes with me. I waited until evening, but no luck seemed to come my way, as no soldiers happened along. It was evident that I was being a little too cautious, and accordingly, I moved much nearer to the rear lines. Here my wait was awarded, and I had little difficulty in knocking over a Boche and changing clothes. Now was the zero hour for me. If I were caught there would be scant ceremony. Even if I did get into No Man's Land, there was the possibility that a shell or a sniper's bullet would find me as its mark, spoiling all of my plans on the verge of success. I cautiously made my way along the rear lines unchallenged. This was extremely lucky for me for my German was rather limited, being confined to only the essentials. I thought it better that I should get an officer's uniform, but there was no possibility of this until I had reached a position nearer to the front. Then, if I could but get an officer into a dark corner, he would make no outcry, of that I was certain. However, Fate willed that I should finish my journey in the uniform I then wore. By the time I had reached the first line trenches, my nerves were at an extremely high tension. If anyone had suddenly touched me, I am sure I would have done something foolish which would have betrayed my identity.

By the time I had reached a position from which I could conveniently go over the top, beads of perspiration were swelling on my forehead in drops, the size of which I could hardly believe possible. I carefully and cautiously crept over the trench. From now on was the really gruelling part. My journey up to this time had been mere child's play compared to this. Here I would have to play hide and seek with innumerable searchlights and many snipers' unerring eyes and rifles. I crept along for a time that seemed Eternity, and yet I was no more than half way across. I still pushed on and could finally see the barbed wire entanglements of the Allied trenches. But just as I could clearly distinguish

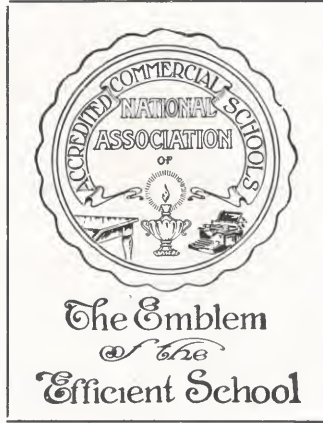
them, I experienced a sharp stinging sensation in my shoulder. Ordinarily, such a wound as I had received would have stopped any man, but my mind was so intent to reach the lines, that it forced my weary body on. No matter if I was hit, I must carry on with my precious cargo. True, it was no such precious burden as many such have been that have been carried in from out there, but there was a certain value to my papers that made them even more important in their way. I struggled on, although my wound was beginning to cause me almost unbearable suffering. Now I had reached the outskirts of the barbed wire, now I was going through it, now I could see the top of the outpost's trench. Oh, if I could only reach it! I must, I just must! My brain began to reel and everything to grow dim, yet I tried to carry on. It was a case of now or never. With a supreme effort before the oblivion that I knew was approaching, I dragged myself to the top of the trench. Next, I experienced a sensation as if I were falling to the top of the trench. Next, I experienced a sensation as if I were falling through space, then a thump, then unconsciousness.

When I again regained my senses, I felt like one floating through the air. My whole body seemed like so much vapor. However, when I attempted to raise my right arm, an acute stab of pain traveled through my entire body. Upon ascertaining the extent of my injuries I found myself extremely weak, my right shoulder in a cast, my right arm useless, and my head bound up in innumerable bandages. I looked around. From my necessarily limited viewpoint I could see that all of my immediate surroundings were white, and that I was in a cot. As I looked, an officer approached my bedside, and all I can remember of his conversation with me, is this:

"H, you've certainly had an exceedingly close fight with the Grim Reaper. When you fell into the trench the stretcher bearer thought you dead. No one can explain how you ever carried on as long as you did. Let me congratulate you on a very brilliant and successful piece of work. The soldier who captured you thought you a mere German soldier, but upon searching you and finding those valuable papers, we were wanted by the Huns had succeeded in his aware that the man who was so badly task. By this time, the papers are in the hands of the authorities, and there is an order at headquarters conferring the Croix deGuerre upon you for your brilliant exploit.

—X. ZY., '22.

BECOME MORE  
PROFICIENT IN  
BUSINESS  
AND  
PROGRESS WITH  
GROWING  
NEWARK



BE AN EARLY MEM-  
BER OF THIS  
SCHOOL'S SUMMER  
SESSION  
AND HELP FILL  
THE MANY  
COMMERCIAL  
DEMANDS

## THE NEWARK BUSINESS COLLEGE

INQUIRE AT OFFICE FOR SUMMER SESSION ADVANTAGES

**You can do  
the work  
easier  
quicker  
and better**

with an "American Beauty" electric  
iron—the best iron made

Because

- it has a cut away nose.
- it has an extra large ironing surface.
- it is perfectly balanced. Does not tire the arm or wrist.
- it has a comfortable, always cool, wood handle that fits any hand.
- it has a very flexible cord.
- it has a detachable switch plug that enables you to regulate the heat as you wish.
- it is just the right size, shape and weight.
- it has a bottom that is machine milled and polished as smooth as glass.
- it is made on the unit plan.

**JAS. W. PASSMAN**  
Y. M. C. A. Building

# WANTED!

# 800

## Subscriptions

for our

# Annual



ERNEST JOHNSON, '20, Editor

JAMES MILLISOR, '21 ..... Associate Editor

DOROTHY DEWEY, '21; ESTHER JONES, '22, Girls' Athletics

**NEWARK 18—SPRINGFIELD 29.**

On February 13, Newark High was defeated by Springfield High at Springfield, the score being 29 to 18. This was the first game played on the two-night trip to Springfield and London. Our team fought hard but was handicapped by the absence of Orr and Stowell. Wilson, White, and Netts were the "stars" of the game.

**Line-up:**

N. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wilson, l. f. ....	5	4	13
Fitzgibbon, r. f. ....	0	0	0
Lynn, r. f. ....	1	0	2
Kelley, c. ....	1	0	2
Allen, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Baker, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	14	4	18

**Springfield.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Culp, l. f. ....	0	1	1
Cubic, l. f. ....	0	0	0
Webb, l. f. ....	0	0	0
White, r. f. ....	5	0	10
Netts, c. ....	5	0	10
Mumma, l. g. ....	2	0	4
Miller, r. g. ....	1	0	2
Breckt .....	1	0	2
Totals .....	14	1	29

Referee—Dunlap; 15 minute halves.

**NEWARK 17—LONDON 19.**

On February 14, Newark High was defeated by London High, at London, by a score of 17 to 19. This game was the second one played on the two-night trip to Springfield and London. The game was fast and hard played, but Wilson could not hit the basket. Fitzgibbon and Stuckey were the main pointers of the game.

**Line-up:**

N. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wilson, l. f. ....	1	1	3
Fitzgibbon, r. f. ....	7	0	14
Kelley, c. ....	0	0	0
Allen, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Baker, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	8	1	17

**London.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Traghagen, l. f. ....	2	0	4
Tanner, r. f. ....	1	0	2
Stuckey, c. ....	3	0	6
Lohr, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Fitzgerald, r. g. ....	1	5	7
Emry .....	0	0	0
Totals .....	7	5	19

Referee—Matthews; 15 minute halves.

**NEWARK 33—MT. VERNON 17.**

On February 20, Newark High defeated Mt. Vernon High at Hickey Hall, by the score of 33 to 17. The game was one of the fastest and best played games of the season. The visitors were handicapped by the absence of Smith, their "star" center. Wilson, Orr and Rawlins were the main point-getters of the game.

**Line-up:**

N. H. S.	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wilson, l. f. ....	9	1	20
Orr, r. f. ....	5	0	10
Kelley, c. ....	1	0	2
Stowell, (c.) l. g. ....	1	0	2
Baker, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Allen, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	16	1	34



# Easter



# Candies

**Pure, Delicious, Home-made Easter Candies  
May be had at The Sparta**

We have a complete assortment of Candy Eggs and Pure Sugar Rabbits to select from.

We assure the purity and high quality of "THE SPARTAN" Candies, because we make them ourselves in their entirety—from the raw materials to the finished product.

When buying candy prefer The Spartan Quality Candies and you get the best. You pay more for inferior grade candies. Look for our Registered Trade Mark.

**THE SPARTA**  
Makers of Fine Candies

## Gem Theatre

**When we say "FOX"**

we are referring to the world's most noted producer of silent drama. The man who puts into photoplay the country's most beloved authors—among them Zane Grey. To furnish a one hundred per cent program he has secured the services of the most popular screen artists, such as—

William Russell, Tom Mix, "Buck" Jones, George Walsh, Shirley Mason, Madalaine Travsrsse, Gladys Brockwell and William Farnum.

If you have not witnessed a Fox production, be sure and visit this theatre—one every Monday and Tuesday.

The music lovers of Newark have pronounced "The Big Four Orchestra" as the best in this vicinity.

In the near future a soloist will sing, in this theatre, "Arabian Sunshine," composed by Carl Nutter, of this city.

Patronize

Reveille

Advertisers!

**JONES & WESSON**

**THE**

PLACE TO BUY

**“Good Shoes”**

Next to Y. M. C. A.

☐ Reville advertisers are entitled to your patronage.

A Dependable Store

A Store of Courtesy

**SCHIFF'S**

East Side of Square

**GARMENTS**

For Women  
and Misses

“The Newest. The Best”

“And you never pay more at

**SCHIFF'S,**

as a matter of fact much less”

**Quality Oils and  
Gasoline**

**O. H. BROWNE**

Service Station

Cor. 5th and Main

Newark

Not Owned by a Corporation

**Choice Meats**

FOR

**Every Meal**

**BOGG'S**

**M E A T**

**MARKET**

No. 9 N. 4th St:

Both Phones

All Licking County Killed Meat

**Mt. Vernon.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Hunt, l. f. ....	1	0	2
Clyde McBroome, r. f. ....	2	0	4
Rawlins, c. ....	3	5	11
Claude McBroome, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Brining, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Cunningham, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Spence ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	6	5	17

**NEWARK 18—DOANE 32.**

On February 23, Newark High was defeated by Doane Academy at Granville, the score being 32 to 18. The game was fast but our team was out-played by the Doane team. Allen and Wilson scored the most points for Newark, and Fisher, Hla, Hundley and Haskins made the points for Doane. The Doane "second team" was substituted the last minute of play.

**Line-up:****N. H. S.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wilson, l. f. ....	2	10	14
Orr, r. f. ....	0	0	0
Kelley, c. ....	0	0	0
Allen, l. g. ....	2	0	4
Stowell, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	4	10	18

**Doane.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Fisher, l. f. ....	2	8	12
Hla, r. f. ....	4	0	8
Stedman, c. ....	0	0	0
Hundley, l. g. ....	1	0	2
Haskins, r. g. ....	5	0	10
Keller ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	12	8	32

Referee—Rotkin; 15 minute halves.

**NEWARK 27—COMMERCE 14.**

On February 28, Newark High defeated Commerce High, of Columbus, by the score of 27 to 14. The game was fast and hard-fought, the visitors never giving up hope until the end. Allen's shooting at guard was one of the features of the game. Commerce High won second place in the Columbus High School League.

**Line-up:****N. H. S.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wilson, l. f. ....	4	3	11
Orr, (c.) r. f. ....	1	0	2
Harlow, r. f. ....	0	0	0
Kelley, c. ....	1	0	2

Stowell, l. g. ....	1	0	2
Allen, r. g. ....	5	0	10
Totals .....	12	3	27

**Commerce.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Hirschman, l. f. ....	3	1	7
Hubler, r. f. ....	0	0	0
Van Winkle, c. ....	0	0	0
Davis, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Wasserstrom, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Schell ....	3	1	7
Totals .....	6	2	14

Referee—Dunmire; 15 minute halves.

**NEWARK 18—NORTH LEWISBURG 12.**

On March 4, Newark High defeated North Lewisburg, at the State Tournament, at Delaware. The Newark boys did not seem to get together, but by hard playing they managed to come out ahead. Orr and McColly were the main pointers.

**Line-up:****N. H. S.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wilson, l. f. ....	2	2	6
Orr, r. f. ....	4	2	10
Kelley, c. ....	0	0	0
Stowell, (c.) l. g. ....	1	0	2
Baker, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Allen, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	7	4	18

**North Lewisburg.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Durnell, l. f. ....	0	0	0
Bishop, l. f. ....	0	0	0
Lease, r. f. ....	2	0	4
McColley, c. ....	2	4	8
Summit, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Spain, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	4	4	12

**NEWARK 13—OSBORNE 14.**

On Saturday, March 5, Newark High was defeated by Osborn High, at the State Tournament. The game at the end of the second half was 12 to 12. A three-minute overtime period was played in which Newark shot a foul goal and Osborne shot a field goal, making the score 14 to 13.

**Line-up:****N. H. S.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Wilson, l. f. ....	3	0	6
Orr, r. f. ....	1	1	3
Stowell, c. ....	2	0	4

Allen, l. g. ....	0	0	0
Baker, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Totals .....	6	1	13

**Osborne.**

	Goals	Fouls	Points
Cox, l. f. ....	2	2	6
Zellers, r. f. ....	2	0	4
Pickinz, c. ....	1	0	2
Massey, l. g. ....	1	0	2
McCarty, r. g. ....	0	0	0
Hatfield .....	0	0	0
Totals .....	6	2	14

**GIRLS' BASKET BALL NOTES.**

The first game of the girls' basket ball season was played between the Sophomores. The teams were very evenly matched but the Sophomores won with a final score of 9 to 6.

**Line-up:**

<b>Juniors</b>		<b>Sophomores</b>
Dewey .....	R. F. ....	H. Jones
Rickert .....	L. F. ....	E. Jones
McClosky .....	R. G. ....	Andrews
Johnson .....	L. G. ....	Rohrbraugh
E. Hubbard .....	J. C. ....	Swank
Kreig .....	R. C. ....	D. Hubbard

Goals for Sophomores—H. Jones, 3; E. Jones, 1.  
 Fouls for Sophomores—H. Jones, 1.  
 Goals for Juniors—Dewey, 2.  
 Fouls for Juniors—Dewey, 2.

**GIRLS' ATHLETICS.**

On February the twenty-second, the afternoon of the Mt. Vernon game here, an open game was played between the Juniors and Sophies, at Hickey Hall. The Juniors defeated the Sophies by a score of 3 to 0.

**The Line-up:**

<b>Juniors</b>		<b>Sophomores</b>
Dewey (c.) .....	R. F. ....	Barnes (c.)
Rickert .....	L. F. ....	Ewing
Close .....	R. G. ....	Andrews
Johnston .....	L. G. ....	Swank
Hoop .....	R. C. ....	H. Jones
Nhels .....	J. C. ....	D. Hubbard
Hubbard .....	Subs .....	McClosky

Score: Goals—Rickert, 1. Fouls—Dewey, 1.

**THIRD GAME**

The third game of girls' athletics was a hard-fought fight between the Sophomore and Junior girls. It was played at Hickey Hall, on February 27th. At the end of both halves the score was 2 to 2. The teams played for the first basket, but luck favored the Sophies again; the game closing with a score of 4 to 2.

**The Line-up:**

<b>Juniors</b>		<b>Sophomore</b>
Dewey .....	R. F. ....	Barnes
Nhels .....	L. F. ....	Ewing
Johnston .....	R. G. ....	Swank
Close .....	L. G. ....	Andrews
Hubbard .....	J. C. ....	Hubbard
Hoop .....	R. C. ....	H. Jones

Score: Goals—Ewing, 1; Barnes, 1.  
 Goals—Dewey, 1.

**WE WANT**

**A**

**Better Annual**

**Than Ever This Year**

**To do this we must have**

**800 SUBSCRIBERS**

**FURNITURE:**  
RESIDENCE,  
HOTEL,  
MATTRESSES  
BEDDING

**SEWING MACHINES**  
SILVERWARE

**CARPETS,**  
LINOLEUMS,  
DOMESTIC RUGS.

Toys, House Furnishings

**THE STEWART BROS. CO.**  
**& ALWARD CO.**  
THE ARCADE & UNION BLOCK, NEWARK, O.

The Complete Home Outfitters

**DRAPERIES,**  
SHADES,  
CURTAINS,  
LAMPS.

**STOVES, RANGES,**  
CUT GLASS,  
CLOCKS,  
Household Utensils.

**PHONOGRAPHS,**  
EDISON DIAMOND  
DISC

**WANTED!**

**100**

**STUDENTS**

To go to our

**DEBATE**

AT

**ZANESVILLE**

**2054**

AUTO PHONE

S  
E  
R  
V  
I  
C  
E

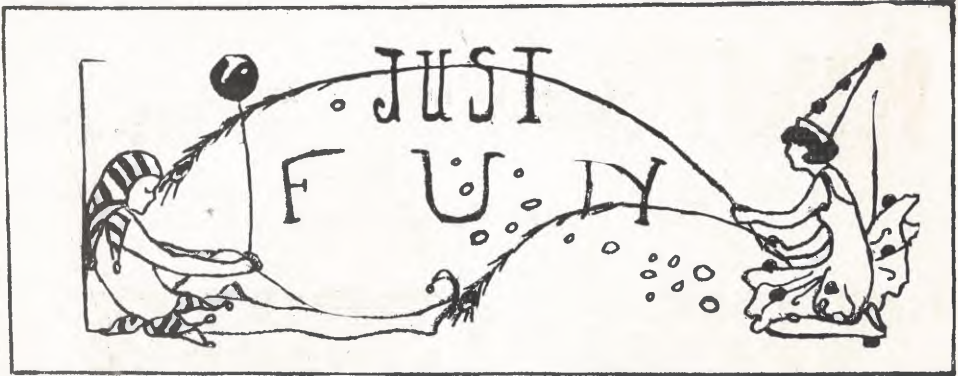
**TAXI**

L  
I  
N  
E

AUTO PHONE

**1853**

BELL 350-W



PAUL HAZLETT, '20, Editor

### FRESHMAN ALPHABET.

Editor of the "Reveille"

A is for Archie, the lad so small.  
 B is for Bline, the quickest of all.  
 C is for Clutter, four grades in nine.  
 D is for Dorothy, of the musical line.  
 E is for Earl, so solemn and grave.  
 F is for us Freshmen so backward yet brave.  
 G is for George, the critic of "25."  
 H is for Hazel—boys beware of those eyes!  
 I is for our initials, N. H. S.  
 J is for Janice, among the many left.  
 K is for Kibler, who plays the banjo.  
 L is for Lillian, the statue you know.  
 M is for Mowery, with the light brown hair.  
 N is for Newton, the country boy so fair.  
 O is for Olive, so full of wit.  
 P is for Parkinson, our future artist.  
 Q is for Quality, lacking in "27."  
 R is for Reed, the prank of "11."  
 S is for Spillman, with a foot so light.  
 T is for Thomas, who plays all right.  
 U is for You, the critic so handy.  
 V is for Virginia, the girl so dandy.  
 W is for Willis, here at last.  
 X is for Xerxes, long since has past.  
 Y is for Youth, so hopeful and gay.  
 Z is for zeal, lacking today.

—F. M. C., '23.

Latin is a dead language,  
 As dead as it can be;  
 It first killed all the Romans,  
 And now it's killing me!

—Selected.

Harry: "They say Jack is the fastest man on the team."

Flora: "My dear, you don't know the half of it! I went out with him once, and that's enough."

—Judge.

LOST—An umbrella, by Freshman, with a bone head.

### HOW TIME CHANGES.

In Eighteen-Eighty, the grand old day,  
 The doctor came in his one-horse shay.  
 He looked you over, and then he said:  
 "A cold you've got, get yourself to bed.  
 Here, take some ginger and catnip tea."  
 And "fifty-cents" was the doctor's fee.

In Nineteen Hundred—not long ago,  
 The doctor came—just how—you know.  
 The "grip" he called it; a quinine pill  
 Was cure considered for every ill.  
 He looked you over, but said no more,  
 You paid the bill—'twas sometimes four.

In Nineteen-Twenty—we've not gone far,  
 The Doc. arrives in his Reo car.  
 "'Tis influenza," you hear the word;  
 Your heart a-flutter, your head a-whirl—  
 You hear, you see, but you say, "Oh  
 Shucks!"  
 You sneeze and sneeze, and cough up—  
 ten bucks!

Miss J.: (In Commercial Geography)  
 "What is to be said about England's agriculture?"

Herb. L.: "She don't agriculture very much."

### We Wonder.

LIQUOR: Something that isn't.

LABOR: Another name for that great class, known as the "idle rich."

PORK CHOP: A fanciful work implying great riches, (i. e.) "The Vanderbilts have pork chops."

COCK-TAIL: A mixture consisting of Bay Rum, Listerine, Sloan's Liniment and a dash of Wildroot.

—Judge.

1830 1919

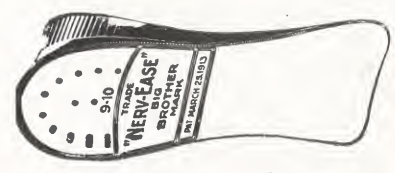
# KING'S

West Side Square

**Shoes,  
Trunks,  
Traveling Bags**  
  
**Moderately Priced**

Have you tried King's New  
Method of Shoe Repairing?

**Don't be All Fagged Out When  
Night Comes**  
Try a Pair of  
**Big Brother Cushion Heels**

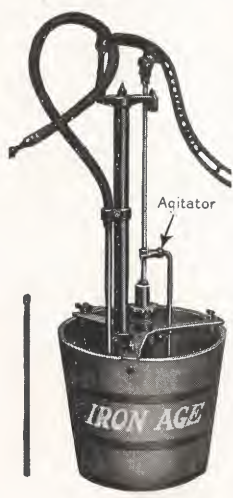


Know the joy of easy walking.  
Protect the heels and  
arches of your feet  
Conserve your energy and make your daily  
work a real pleasure.

**GET A PAIR AT ONCE**  
**WM. FISHBAUGH & SON**  
57 HUDSON AVENUE  
Newark, Ohio  
**The Best Foot Comfort Ever Devised**

## SPRAYERS

**For Any Purpose, Any Time, Anywhere**



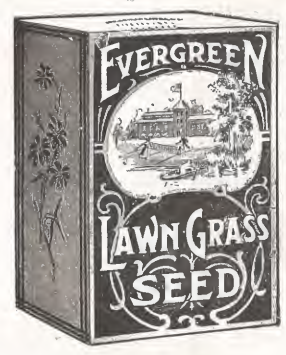
Sprays for whitewash, disinfectants, germicides, insecticides, fungicides, fly sprays, etc. Sprays to meet all demands.

**FREE TANGLEFOOT** to catch the "wrestling," "writhing," "wriggling," insect, 1 lb. cans to 25 lb. pails. Try a pound at 50c, or three pounds @ \$1.25. Ask us for a free circular and learn how to catch the moth, canker worm or climbing cut worm.

### GOOD LAWN SEED

In sweet, fertile soil, will add more dollars to the value of your home than an equal expenditure in anything else.

Try our Lime and Lawn Seed



Onion Sets,  
Sweet Peas



Garden, Flower  
and Field Seeds

# C. S. OSBURN & CO.,

Auto Phone 2085

Bell Phone 340-W

### THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

The common garden snail has 14,175 teeth.

The strawberry belongs to the rose family.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1 How can I get rid of my freckles?

*Ans.* Why, wash your face, of course.

2 How can a person learn to swim?

*Ans.* Teach themselves or take lessons.

3 When a sophomore passes a freshman boy or girl, who are talking, why do they always yell—"Freshman!"

*Ans.* Because they haven't anything else to do.

4 Why do so many girls think they are the most beautiful of all?

*Ans.* Some one has to think so.

6 Why does a black cow eat green grass and give white milk that makes yellow butter?

*Ans.* For the same reason that a blackberry is red when it's green.

7 Why are the Freshmen boys so bashful?

*Ans.* They are afraid the sophomores will make a mash on them.

Miss Wotring: "Clarence, what is page, squire and esquire?"

C. S.: "Well, only people of noble birth can be a page. A pheasant can't be a page."

Miss Wotring: "What is a fleet?"

Eva C.: "A fleet is a group of people."

Mr. Swank (In session room): "Keep quiet! You make so much noise that I can't see who's here!"

Miss Montgomery: "What is an anarchism?"

M. V.: "One of those things with long horns."

Miss F. (In French): "There's no reason under the sun why floor is masculine and window is feminine, in French."

L. N.: "Yes, there is. Window is feminine because you can see through it."

Miss F.: "Yes, and you walk all over the floor."

Teacher: "An abstract noun is something that you can see but cannot touch. Willie, would you please give an example?"

Willie: "A red-hot poker."

—Selected.

### FASHIONABLE HINTS.

(By Madam M. T. Dome.)

1 An onion each day whitens the teeth and perfumes the breath.

2 Perfumed corn starch is better than powder, during the warm weather.

3 Misplaced eye-brows will be in vogue this summer.

4 Marcelled pompadours will be popular at Buckeye Lake.

5 Carved finger nails will be popular with the girls.

6 "Shock absorbers" will not be prominent in hot weather.

7 Eye-brows to match your dress will be very stylish at Cedar Point.

8 Colored linen sport coats will be considered by the men this summer.

9 As usual, furs will be worn by the women, but only when mercury is 90 degrees or above.

—M. T. Dome.

### Verbal Action.

Philosopher: "A kiss is the language of love."

Co-Ed: "Well, why don't you say something?"

—Judge.

Yank: "This picture of my sweetheart saved my life one day in the Battle of the Marne. I was wearing it over my heart and it stopped a bullet that would have killed me."

Crank: "Gosh! That picture is enough to stop a mad bull."

### Curiosity.

Tee-Hee: "What runs across the floor without legs?"

She: "I don't know—what?"

Tee-Hee: "Water!"

—Judge.

### Oh, The Dutch.

Teacherette: "Why didn't you send up a man to mend our electric bell?"

Electrician: "He did go, madam, but as he rang twice and got no answer, he concluded that there was no one at home."

—Judge.

### Oh!

He said to her, over the telephone, after his weekly visit:

"Dearest, will you marry me?"

"Why, yes," she said, "who is it?"

—Judge.



# SEE

THE GIRL who wouldn't Kiss her  
fiance.

THE MAN who asked his friend to  
teach his Girl to Kiss.

The Kiss in the dark that won the girl

The search for the man who kissed  
the Girl, and she found

LEW CODY

"The Beloved Cheater?"

A Fascinating Fantasy of Complexed Kisses

A Teasing, Tantalizing Love Romance

An Extra Special Feature in Every Sense  
of the word.

AT THE



Four Days: April 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th

## DON ALVA

(Concluded from page 15)

to notify the soldiers of their fate, after we've gone."

While these orders were being obeyed, the boy, John Harrison by name, was hidden in a barn. Various thoughts ran through his head as he lay there. Could he get home and rescue his mother? No, he couldn't do that because the Mexicans were all over the town. At last a happy thought struck him. Could he get the soldiers? If he attempted it himself, he couldn't get through the guards.

Just then a warm form nudged against him. Looking down he saw his dog. Why not send a message by him? He had been to the fort many times and knew the way.

John drew his knife out of his pocket and scratched these words on his belt: "Bandits in Maximilian. Come at once!" and wrapped the belt around the dog's neck. Then he cautiously took the dog to the door.

"To the fort," he whispered, "the fort, Jack, the fort."

The dog seemed to understand, for he bounded from the barn and went due north at full speed. The dog was not out of sight before a gruff voice said, "So, you're trying to escape capture in this barn, eh? Well, well, we'll see about that."

It was Don Alva, himself.

"Come on, boys," he continued, "we'll show this fellow he can't hide."

They dragged him from the barn and then Don Alva growled, "We'll give him the falling rope."

A tree grew on the middle of the square. One of its roots was above the ground. They tied him to this root and hung a knife above him.

"All right," said Don Alva, "let's let him look at the knife awhile and get some whiskey in this saloon." And so they all trailed into a saloon. When they came out, they were all drunk, and Don Alva said, "Ready, men—now cut the r-r-r—" and he fell to the ground with a bullet in his chest.

Through the gates swept a company of cavalry. Few shots were fired but the Mexicans all ran from the town on foot, never to be assembled by the strong hand

of Don Alva, who lay in a pool of his own blood under the huge tree.

Only two or three men in the town were killed and the women were all safe in the church.

John later became a soldier and rose to the rank of officer, but he still looks back on that day with a shudder when he thinks of the dreadful face of Don Alva.

## THAT WILD NIGHT

(Continued from page 15)

ture in the paper, but being a generous man, I wouldn't mind that, just once.

My man stepped inside and closed the door. I waited a moment, then rang the bell. When the door opened, it caught my muffler and dragged me down just as I struck out with my cane. My head hit something hard and my brain went "woozy." When I came to, I heard the words of some one speaking over a 'phone, "—Yes, send two men and a wagon." Horrors, I thought, would they haul me somewhere and do away with me? I had often read of thugs and desperadoes putting people in quicklime, and they might be going to do that to me.

I couldn't see, but I felt myself being lifted into a vehicle of some sort. Some conversation drifted to me but I couldn't quite understand it. They unloaded me onto an iron bench of some sort in a kind of cell and I went to sleep. A big policeman waked me and I immediately asked him to deliver me. He said he would, then led me away. To my surprise we arrived in a court room, where I found my old friend, Judge Charlton, who recognized me at once. When I explained my side of the case to him, he laughed and said, "The man called 'Lefty' is none other than Robert E. Grayton, the famous novelist, and the man and woman whom you supposed to have been killed were two characters in his latest novel, yet unpublished, which he had permitted his friend to read.

They let me go with a small fine. "Just enough to pay costs," the judge said. Then they told me to forget the evening's affair. As soon as the lump leaves my head, I shall solemnly swear: "Never again will I usurp a detective's lawful job!"



# The Display of

*Betty Wales Dresses*

## FOR SPRING



will interest every school girl. For the charm of out-door-sports—the social gaiety of afternoon functions—the joyousness of dances, or the delightful informal party that just happens, there is a *Betty Wales Dress* to fit the occasion and the girl.

¶ The latest little fashion whimsies taken from Paris and London, blended with the newest ideas of America, then youthful, as only Betty Wales knows how, makes *Betty Wales Dresses* the dresses you want to wear

We are showing all the new Betty Wales models in Misses' and Women's size. Come and see them today.

*The W. H. Mazey Company*

1887—EMERSON—1920



**OUR FORTE—FEATURING  
FASHIONS FOR YOUNG MEN**

*Spring Suits Here  
Spring Hats, Caps*

Fit, Quality, Value and Pattern can safely be taken  
for granted in SHIRTS in the new Spring Showing.

**Silk and Lisle Hosiery  
Latest Collars—Newest Neckwear**

**ROE EMERSON**

**Cor. Third and Main**

Postal Printing Co.  NEWARK, OHIO